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Rachel Had Only en Born A Boy!!!



Riant Studio
Jersey City, N. J.

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Jersey City, N. J.



If Rachel Had Only Been Born A Boy!!!

COMEDY
SKETCH

By Walter Smith Griffith

Riant Studio
Jersey City, N. J.

1914

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If Rachel Had Only Been Born a Boy !!!

Dramatis Persona.

Isadore Cohen (German-Jew) rich second-hand clothier.

Mrs. Cohen (Sarah), his wife.

Rachel, their daughter (only child).

Eugene Dwyer (Irish-American), artist.

SCENE I.

(Parlor of Cohen domicile, Harlem, 8 p. m.; Mrs. Cohen in rocking-chair, knitting socks; Isadore walking up and down with hands clasped behind back; Rachel seated on piano stool, by piano, facing them).

Rachel—Papa, why can't I marry Gene? He makes good money; he's handsome and so romantic. Just think! Your daughter the wife of an artist!

Isadore—Vhy? Vhy? I toldt you

vhy! Vhy aindt he so obstinate? Shust shange his names to Cohen and efery-ting vas as merry as snowballs! Vhy, if King Solomon was alive now he'd shange his names to Cohen! He was a vise mans. Dwyer! Dwyer! Who efer heardt uf dem Irisher as compared mit the original names uf Cohen?

Rachel—But, papa—

Isadore—Papa! Papa! Vhy dont you say fader. Id voud show more respect for your fader.

Sarah—Vhy dont your mans be more as reasonable as your fader, Rachel? Vhy, loogk ad how I shanged my names to Cohen! My beeples ver gread beeples—the Isaacsteins. I vas glad to shange my names to Cohen.

Isadore (throwing up his hands and wailing)—Great Fader Abraham, vhy wasn't my Rachel borned a boy? Must the only original Cohen be the last of his race?

Rachel (appealingly)—What's in a name, father?

Isadore—A names! A names! Cohen a names! Cohen vas a race—a gread beeples! Vhen das Irisher ver veering a var club and sunburns my beeples ver clothed in silks and satins und ruling der nations.

Sarah—Vhy dond you marry Jakey Cohen, Rachel? He wouldn't haf to shange his names, and he's rich.

Rachel (excitedly)—That old frump? He's sixty. Oh, you Reno!

Isadore—Jah! Jakey would be shust the poy.

Rachel (turning hurriedly to piano)—have you heard the latest, father?

Isadore—What? The Yiddisher napkin?

Rachel—Yiddisher Rag, you mean, father.

Isadore (meekly) — You saidt it wasn't polite to say rag, Rachel.

Rachel—Wel, this is different (plays lively ragtime).

(Isadore grabs his wife out of her chair and they do a grotesque dance, Sarah knitting all the time.)

Music:

(Curtain.)

SCENE II.

(Same room; following night. Rachel at piano playing and singing "Glide, Little Brown-Eyed Lovey!" Bel rings.)

Rachel (rising quickly and running thru door, with tripping step)—Gene! Gene! It's Gene!

Gene (entering, with arm around Rachel)—Honey, what was that I heard you singing?

Rachel—A new love waltz song; listen (plays and sings song while Gene hums).

Gene—Play it again, dear. It is

beautiful. (They sing. Chorus: Rachel rises and they waltz, singing.)

(After dance they snuggle up on sofa; lights gradually go out.)

Rachel—Don't, Gene, mama might come in (soft calcium reveals Gene kissing Rachel).

(Darkness.)

Mrs. Cohen steals softly onto the stage and turns on electric lamp. Rachel jumps hastily to her feet.

Sarah—Good efening, Mr. Tryer.

Gene (rising to his feet and bowing). Dwyer, if you please, mam. Goo'l evening.

Sarah—Rachel, you go oudt in der eading room. (Rachel obeys). Isadore! (calling loudly).

Isadore (in wings)—Jah.

Sarah (motioning Gene to seat)—Sit down, Mr. Dwyer.

(Isadore comes in and Gene rises to greet him.)

Isadore—Goot efening, Mr. Dwyer;

sit down (motions Sarah out, who retires with a courtesy).

(Isadore walks nervously up and down, rumpling his hair and breathing hard; Gene leans coolly back and waits.)

Isadore (stopping abruptly in front of Gene)—You vant to marry my Rachel, Mr. Dwyer?

Gene (shortly)—That is my intention.

Isadore (spreading out his hands)—Vel, und vhy dond you ask her fader for her.

Gene (off-handedly)—Oh, that's out of date.

Isadore (sarcastically)—It isn't oudt of date to vant her fader's money.

Gene (rising and drawing himself up proudly)—I can provide for my wife, sir.

Isadore—Vel, dot iss all righd.

(Scene is shoved partly to one side showing Rachel and her mother eagerly listening at door.)

Gene—Stil, Mr. Cohen, if you wish it, I wil now ask you for your daughter's hand in marriage.

Isadore—Vel, I vould rather my Rachel shouldt marry a Hebrew, but as she lofes you I gif in, mit a ver small concessions—you only haf to shange your names to Cohen.

Gene (indignantly)—What.

Iadore (off-handedly)—Shust a lidle concessions—shange your names to Cohen.

Gene (in a horrified undertone)—Change my name to Cohen! (To audience, sotto voce:) And my great-great-great-grandfather was the King of Dublin.

(Draws back and doubles up his fist as tho to strike, then shakes his head and drops his arm.)

(The women nervously grasp each other behind the scene.)

Isadore—Vel, make id Mr. Cohen-Dwyer, I gif in mineself.

Gene—No Cohen in it. Just plain Dwyer.

Isadore (shrugging shoulders, suavely)—Vel, all righd, only vun ting I shall insist on—my first grandson must shange his names to Isaac Cohen, as vas mine grandfader, und I gif him a lots of munish.

Gene—He wil be named Eugene Dwyer, sir. That's flat.

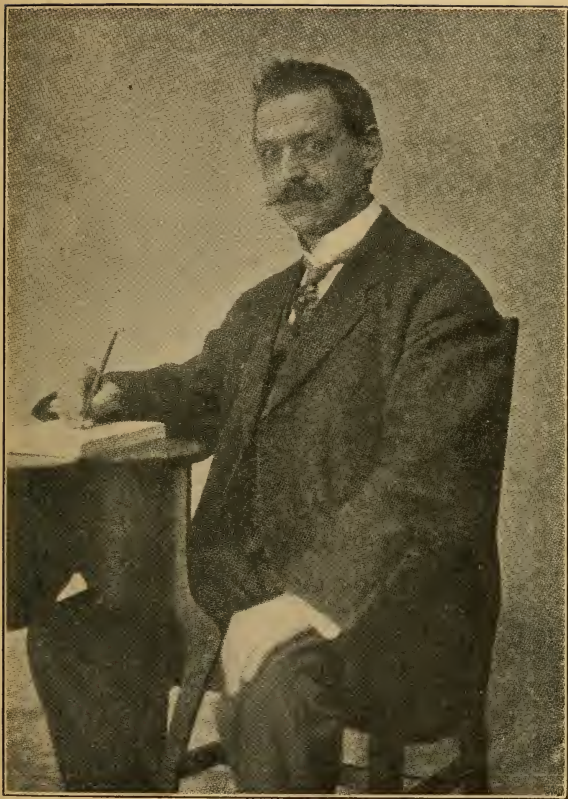
Isadore (excitedly)—Vhat? You von't mage any concessions (totters, grasps at air and falls).

Gene (alarmed)—Rachel! Rachel!

(Rachel and Mrs. Cohen come on with rush. Mrs. Cohen kneels and gathers Isadore's head in lap, wailing. Rachel rushes off, returns with basin of water and dashes it into her father's face.)

Isadore (sputtering, half conscious)—Vel, name him Isaac Cohen Dwyer. I gif in.

(Curtain.)



Walter Smith Griffith

Four Things To Not Forget!

Swatches

Glide, Little Brown-Eyed Lovey

Korla

The Bugle Call

One Question. Have you read

S W A T C H E S ?

No? Wel, just sit up and take notice
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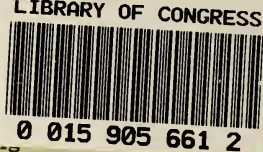
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That Fascinating Waltz Song

Glide, Little Brown-Eyed Lovey

Is just the caper for you and the dear
little girlie.

To Keep Alive the Great
Heroism of Our Fathers

The Bugle Call

Should Be Read
All Over the Land